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Some of the Best Illinois High School Prose of 1951

Selected by MARGARET NEWMAN, Elgin High School,
and J. N. HOOK, University of Illinois

AMERICA IS LIKE THIS

Did you ever try to explain America to anyone who does not already understand it? What it stands for and what it means? Perhaps you began by saying, "Well, America is like this . . ." and then you had to stop to consider, for to describe America in one sentence would be impossible. You could say America is democratic, big, and beautiful; but then you will have only begun.

To a person in many a country, America is a magic word, a word of hope and of promise; but to others in communistically controlled regions, America has been made to seem a word of dread, of totalitarianism. So how to go about describing America to someone who is not an American and doesn't know how we live?

You could tell him of our Constitution and our Bill of Rights, of our Declaration of Independence, and of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, wars we fought for freedom. Yet America can not be measured by wars or words; it can be measured only by people, the average people. What the people do, how they work and play, live and worship: that is how America must be judged. Nowhere on earth are there more different kinds of races, nationalities, or creeds; and the way all these people get along together and help each other is part of America. The Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jew, the Italian and the Frenchman, the Negro and the Chinese, the Republican and the Democrat all working side by side make America.

America is not only people. It is space and beauty. The rolling farm lands of the Mid-west, the cotton plantations of the South, the sagebrush deserts of the West, the great forests of the North, and the white, rockbound sandy shores of the East—all these, too, are part of America.

America is one of the youngest of nations yet the strongest. America's strength comes not from her vast armies but from her rich fertile soil and from the hearts of her people. From the soil come crops and livestock, timber and minerals. From the people comes the courage to fight for and maintain all the freedoms that make life a noble thing. All these are America's strength.

Yes, America is like this.

TOM KAZAKOS, Morton H. S., Cicero, '54
Erna R. Owens, teacher

OUR DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

Main Street, U. S. A. Let's take a walk down Main Street and observe democracy in action. A middle-aged business man, whistling a gay tune, is industriously raking the leaves in front of his modest brick house. He's worked hard to pay for his home; but now it's his, and he's proud of it. His home is his castle where he may do whatever he wishes. He is free to listen to the radio program he likes, to read the newspaper of his choice, and to discuss the "state of the nation" with his friends without fear that he will be arrested if he speaks against the policies of his government.

Down the block is the corner grocery store. Looking through the big plate-glass window, we see the cheerful owner busily sorting merchandise as he exchanges greetings with his customers. Starting out on a "shoe-string," he has enlarged his enterprise, through his own initiative and efforts, to make it a profitable business. Democracy encourages individual initiative and private enterprise and provides for every citizen an opportunity to take advantage of these basic American principles to the best of his ability.

Across the street is the Snack Shop, the high school kids' favorite meeting place. Here they gather over a coke to discuss their school activities, their important problems, and world affairs. American youth are receiving a broad liberal education in our schools today. They are learning and putting into practice the fundamental principles upon which our democracy was founded. They are receiving adequate preparation to meet the demands of their task as citizens of tomorrow. This is in direct contrast to the youth of many totalitarian countries whose text books present dis-

torted facts, and who aren't privileged to gather anywhere they choose to discuss any subject in any way that they may wish.

As we continue our walk down Main Street, we pass the office of the daily town newspaper. The editor is pounding away on his typewriter, writing an editorial attacking a particular policy of the President with which he disagrees. His article will be published, uncensored, in the evening edition for all the people on Main Street to read. They may agree or disagree with him, but no one will disagree with his right to print his opinion.

There's a housewife shaking her rugs on the front steps. She keeps her home neat and clean so that her children will be proud to bring their friends home, for they are always welcome. On election day the people on Main Street come to her home to vote. Practically everybody on Main Street exercises his voting privilege, for he knows his vote is important. Everyone has a voice in the government, in our democracy, for the government is the people.

Not all the houses on Main Street are as comfortable as those of the business man or the housewife. Some of the houses need a coat of paint or some repairs here and there. The people who live in these houses look a little different from most of the inhabitants of Main Street. Their skins may be black; some are yellow; some, brown. They work just as hard as their fellow citizens up the street, but it's not as easy for them to get ahead. A few individuals may shun these people or make unkind remarks in their presence. But for every narrow-minded, prejudiced person on Main Street there are two who regard their neighbors down the street as their equals, and who welcome them into their social groups. They make it a daily habit to practice perhaps the greatest democratic act of all, equality.

Our walk down Main Street is almost completed. But before we leave, we pause a minute in front of the beautiful little church at the end of the street. On Sunday mornings the big bronzed bell in the steeple calls all the people to worship. They come from all the houses up and down the street to give thanks to God for their many blessings. Every man, woman, and child in our democracy is free to worship God in any manner in which he pleases; for this privilege they are most grateful.

Main Street, U. S. A. Here we have observed democracy in action. Everyone of us lives on Main Street, and each of us plays a vital role in our living democracy. We believe our democratic way of life to be the salvation for the oppressed peoples in the world today. But we cannot spread the virtues of our democracy by remaining silent. Each and everyone of us should proudly

stand up and say, "I Speak For Democracy," so that the echo may be heard around the world.

BETH ARMIN, Jacksonville H. S., '52
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

WHAT A WAR LOOKS LIKE

I remember many fearful days and restless nights; but there is one night that I shall never forget.

It was during the last World War in 1945. At that time we lived in the large city of Nuernberg, in Germany.

On the night of January 2, we were awakened by a loud noise outside. We were very frightened, for we knew at once that the American planes had come to bomb the city, and we would have to go about half a mile to a safer place.

My brother, mother, and I were the first ones dressed, so we started off. But we were late, for the planes were already all over the city, bombing it. Soon my mother became very tired from running, and began to slow down.

The bombs were falling within yards of us, houses were burning, and I think it was a miracle that we were not killed. My mother began to walk more and more slowly, and I thought we would surely be killed; so I just left her behind and ran on alone. After a while, when I was safe in the cellar, I heard people saying that many men, women, and children had been killed. I wondered if my parents were among them, and in case they were, what I was to do.

After a long while, my mother came, pulling my brother along. She was breathless, without coat or shoes. I asked her where she had put them, and she answered that the coat had grown too heavy for her, so she had dropped it on the way; but she did not know when or where she had lost her shoes. Her feet were blue from running barefooted on the snow, and she was trembling with cold.

About two hours later, came my father carrying my little baby sister. We were now all together again, and felt happy even though we had to sit all the night in the cellar and tremble with fear and cold.

As we went home in the morning, we had to leap over dead bodies; we saw legs, arms, heads, and other parts of bodies lying here and there, but they did not have much effect on us any more.

When we reached the cellar again in the afternoon, we found out that we had to stay there for a longer time, because the planes were coming every ten or fifteen minutes, to bomb the city over again. Sometimes they did not come for two or three hours, but as

people were too frightened to go home, we lived in that cellar for about two weeks. Then, at last we were permitted to go to live in a smaller city.

Yes, this is the way people lived in Germany during World War II.

RUTA LUKUS, Sacred Heart H. S., Chicago, '53
Sr. M. Andrea, B.V.M., teacher

I LEARN TO PLAY A CLARINET

First day: Put clarinet together; had seven pieces to work with, but found only five were needed.

Second day: Found place for extra two pieces, but clarinet didn't work so well afterward.

Third day: Discovered fascinating fact; clarinet worked much better with a reed. (Set me back twenty cents.)

Fourth day: Found that mouthpiece breaks when dropped from height of five feet onto cement floor. (Set me back nine dollars.)

Fifth day: Took first lesson. Immediately after lesson, teacher left for South African jungle. (Lesson set me back one dollar.)

Sixth day: Practiced first song, "Long, Long Ago." By the time I learned it, name had changed to "Umba, Umba, Leuuf, Spraak"; Dinosaur talk for "Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

Seventh day: Read in instruction book that clarinet had to be cleaned out often, so filled up bath-tub with warm sudsy water and doused clarinet; clarinet made feeble attempt to swim for shore, signaled for help, then sank.

Eighth day: Tried to play clarinet, but was able only to produce such sounds as schplutter, schweek, ffishf, schulliph, et cetera.

Ninth day: Pads were still wet from bath-tub episode, so removed them and put them on radiator to dry; answered telephone and came back in time to salvage enough remains for decent burial.

Tenth day: Clarinet would emit no sound, so decided to take apart and fix. When clarinet was put together again, found several pieces stuck out on the sides in unsightly manner, so filed them off. Clarinet didn't play well then, so decided a change of oil was necessary.

Eleventh day: Instruction book said to oil clarinet if keys stuck. Hair oil was all that was available, so used hair oil; as soon as liberal amount was applied, clarinet leaped up and started to play, "Use Wildroot Creme Oil, Charlie."

Twelfth day: Again was able to produce no sound on clarinet, so took to professional fixer-upper. Fixer-upper advised me to take off keys and springs and try to sell rest for firewood.

Thirteenth day: Got buyer for firewood. Received thirty-five cents. (Still have keys and springs.)

Fourteenth day: Buyer of fire-wood sued for damage, because stove blew up when wood was ignited. Didn't have any money, so went to jail.

EXPENSES

Clarinet	\$150.00
Reed20
Lesson	1.00
Law Suit	500.00
Striped Suit	27.50
Mouthpiece	9.00
	<hr/>
	\$687.70
Firewood	— .35
	<hr/>
	\$687.35

or about 687 days and 4 hours in jail, at a dollar a day.

MORAL

If urge comes to play clarinet, have head examined. If urge continues, have psychiatrist examined.

ALICE SEEGAR, Pekin Comm. H. S., '52
Florence V. Diers, teacher

RECITAL

It is a warm June night; a welcome breeze from the open window fans your burning cheek. Behind you is a rustle of programs, the monotonous murmur of voices, broken now and then by the clearing of a throat. Before you, on a raised, lighted platform, stands the piano. But it is not a piano. It is a great, gleaming monster, showing its row of white teeth in a sneering, evil grin, ready to snatch and devour any presumptuous amateur who dares to face it as an equal. You clutch the crumpled program in your hands which, despite the temperature, are icy cold, and realize with a sinking feeling that you are appallingly inadequate to the task set before you. Suddenly, as if by a signal, the rustling and whispering stop. The recital has begun.

Your heart pounding with increased violence, you frantically scan the program for your name. When you find it at last, it looks strangely unfamiliar; you feel as if it were not your name at all, but some stranger's printed after "Valse Op. 34 No. 2 . . . Chopin." But beneath it all, you know. You must inevitably mount to that

platform, you must face that sleek, shining monster for which you are no match. Escape is impossible.

What am I doing here? you wonder suddenly. It is a thought that returns with increasing frequency as the program progresses. Each small burst of applause signifying the end of a selection increases the heavy feeling in your stomach, the cold clamminess of your hands. Suddenly you realize with a shock that immediately following the piece being played comes Valse Op. 34 No. 2. Your heart, which has been resting soggily in your stomach, leaps into your throat where it begins to pound with renewed vigor. You struggle to think of something reassuring.

"I am Chopin," you tell yourself firmly, "pouring out my love for George Sand. I am Horowitz, calm and assured, playing in Carnegie Hall. I am—" You are suddenly aware that the music has stopped, that the applause has died. Slowly you stand up, slowly you mount to the platform, slowly you seat yourself before those grinning keys. It is now or never, you know; you must meet the challenge thrown out by this gleaming enemy; you must vanquish the monster, humble it, break its unbending spirit.

You begin to play, softly at first, then with increased confidence. You struggle to achieve the right shading, the proper tone.

"I am Chopin," you whisper, "pouring out my love for George Sand. I love you, George, I love you, I love you . . . I am Horowitz, confident, assured. I am Rubinstein, playing while audiences drink in my every note."

Then, with a shock, you realize that you are not Chopin nor Horowitz nor Rubinstein because you have forgotten what comes next.

A deathly stillness hangs over the room; the upturned faces watching you are pale blurs, each face mirroring the horror which you know must be on your own. The sleek piano mocks you, its silence more humiliating, more ignominious than any sound could be. Frantically you plunge ahead, ignoring the wrong notes. Anything, anything is better than the mocking silence, the blank, unmoving keys. At last, after an eternity, you are finished, and the scattered applause which follows only serves to increase your humiliation. With bent head you stumble down the stairs and sink into your seat. The piano is the victor; you can almost see its sleek sides shaking with laughter as it gloats over its triumph.

After a while, your burning face begins to cool, and you lift your head to look at your conqueror. Strangely, it does not seem so invincible now. It is only a piano. Smooth and well-polished, yes, but nothing more. Suddenly you feel filled with power.

"Next year," you are thinking, "I will be the victor. Next year, when I play the Fantasie-Impromptu. . . ."

LAIL LEWIS, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '52
Orpha Raglin, sponsor

"... WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE"

Let's give the world a Christmas present!

Our old globe has little use for neckties, wrist watches, or cuff links; it doesn't eat candy, read much, raise flowers, or go hunting. Still there are things the earth needs desperately this Christmas, and America's youth must play Santa Claus.

The children of Russia are a part of the world—the children whose wrists are branded for identification and whose eyes are branded with a terrible solemnity. They would like a vision for Christmas, though perhaps they never heard of the birthday of Christ. They would like to know that America is dreaming, dreaming hard, of freedom for them and for all the oppressed peoples of the world.

There is a boy somewhere in China, or Hungary, or Yugoslavia, who wants to be a physicist; or is it a lawyer or a poet? His mind is starving for knowledge, but he has no books, no teachers, no school. He would like a promise for Christmas, a promise from the students of America that they will use their heritage of learning to help bring *him* an education.

In another part of the world, a little Korean girl would simply like a Christmas for Christmas. She would not comprehend if you should speak to her of peace on earth and good will to men, but she would understand if the big guns stopped their incessant pounding. She could learn to understand love—and perhaps some day even to laugh.

How does it happen that there is a Glenbard, an Illinois, an America? Could it be that others before us promised their children freedom, truth, peace—and Christmas?

CAROL CLEMEAU, Glenbard Twp. H. S., Glen Ellyn, '53
Helen McConnell, teacher

WHAT MAKES CHRISTMAS

It is a cold, blustery winter night, one week before Christmas. The air is filled with the joyful music of Christmas carols interrupted by the ringing of the Kiwanis' March of Dimes bell. Snowflakes are falling on the shoppers as they rush madly in and out of the stores. Mingling with the crowd, I find myself listening to the comments, and I begin wondering if many have not lost the true

meaning of this happy season. What does make Christmas? Not the cookies or candy which we have all year round. It cannot be the gifts, for we give presents at other times too. Family dinners and parties we also have at Thanksgiving and New Years. It must be the story of Christ's birth told in carols, sermons, and customs.

Christmas is above all the festival of love. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life." If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Coming upon another Christmas season, we open our hearts to the love of God and the miracle of Bethlehem, and we find strength to increase our love for the Lord of Christmas and for those for whom He came.

Year after year Christmas has become more and more commercialized. Merchants display their wares months before. Gift giving has often become a hardship instead of a privilege. Many have learned to hate and dread the Christmas season instead of looking forward to a time of beautiful thoughts and memories. Discussions have arisen as to whether the Christian home and church should postpone the observance and celebration of Christmas until the actual day. Now it is heralded long ahead of time by stores, radios, television, school activities, and lighted Christmas trees. There is an argument too about Santa Claus' scaring children into good behavior and giving his gifts on that basis, thus teaching the wrong motive for being good. Christmas gifts, large or small, should come through the love of parents and friends as all of God's gifts come through His love.

Parents can do a great deal toward preventing wrong sentiments by giving to their children, not only the material gifts, but also that precious gift, the knowledge and acceptance of God. Children need to know this philosophy of life to have a real source of strength with which to meet future experiences. Too many American parents shower material presents on their youngsters but neglect to give them any spiritual teaching. The most priceless Christmas gift parents can give their children is a deeper understanding of the Heavenly Father and the Saviour Jesus and the meaning of His birth.

MARILYN REYNOLDS, Paris H. S., '52
Addie Hochstrasser, teacher

WHAT THE SYNAGOGUE MEANS TO ME

It is no exaggeration to say that the Synagogue has perpetuated the Jewish religion. The Synagogue has been the rallying place for the Jewish community since the destruction of the first temple. There, Jews not only went to pray, but to study and to learn about

their religion. The more they learned about Judaism, the more they understood it and the more they became devoted to it. The Synagogue has always served two functions in Jewish life. It is the "House of Worship" and the "House of Study." It is both the religious and the educational center of Jewish communities.

Attending the Synagogue strengthens my understanding and love of God. Every minute of my life I feel the presence of God, but the Synagogue causes the Sabbath and the holy day spirit to live in my heart. Through the strengthening of my understanding and love of God, I obtain a crystalized view of life's true meaning. In the nervous tension of life, under a high strung civilization, sometimes I lose my usually unbiased view of life, but the Synagogue brings it back to me.

Binding me closer to my people, their past traditions, present needs and future aspirations is one of the things the Synagogue does for me. Through education, in its highest sense, the Synagogue reveals to me the message of the prophets. It teaches me the ideals of love, righteousness, and holiness towards neighbors and friends. This education has not ended with my confirmation but truly is just beginning. As my understanding grows, I am widening my scope of knowledge. Through the Synagogue, I learn the meaning of human brotherhood in its truest sense. The Synagogue relates to me a true heritage from my ancestors and a fuller interpretation of Israel's Torah.

Synagogue attendance relieves the nervous tension of life in this modern age. Israel's age-old and very stirring melodies often lift my soul and bring peace to my heart. Praying in unity with my fellow Jew helps me to feel as though God has created "a pure heart . . . and a right spirit within me." The simple beauty of the Jewish prayers and traditions gives me a feeling of peace and well-being, as though my transgressions vanish like a mist and my sins like a passing cloud.

The injunction of the sage, Hillel, "Do not separate thyself from the congregation," is very significant. Privileges always entail responsibilities, and I feel if I maintain the privilege of calling myself a loyal Jew, I must be an active member of some congregation, and thus maintain the Synagogue as the visible and vital symbol of Judaism.

DEBORAH COHEN, Bloomington H. S., '54
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

WHAT PUZZLES ME

A quadratic equation and numbers puzzle me. If $3x^2 + 5x + 7 = 133$, what does x equal? I can solve the problem. (But

don't ask me now. I haven't worked it out.) But why does x equal what it equals? Why is one unit merely one unit? Why, if ten sets of ten units are compiled, are there one hundred units? What is a hundred? Why not ten million? Oh, I understand—on the surface. Mr. Holmes declared, "Logic is logic. That's all I say." And ten times ten equalling one hundred is logical. But why? What is one unit? Why is three, three? That concept puzzles me. But it should not, I guess. After all, four billion, seven hundred eighty-nine million is just four billion, seven hundred eighty-nine million, isn't it? What puzzles me may puzzle you. Certainly my way of describing what puzzles me *must* puzzle you.

COLEMAN BROWN, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mary L. Taft, teacher

LAST MOMENTS

I was poised and ready for anything to happen. It seemed that all present were staring at me with sympathy in their hearts. They probably had never been in the position that I was in. They couldn't know how I felt. I had waited for this moment for a long time, and now that it was here, I felt shaky. A wave of weakness and a sense of impotency swept over me, but I was determined to continue as had been planned. I could feign sickness or act as if I could not go through with it, but then I would be labeled a coward, a shirker of duties. No matter what the circumstances, I could not back out now.

Someone shouted commands that seemed familiar and yet strange. I had been trained to follow those commands, but now they were lost in a whirlpool of hope and determination. Then for the first time I noticed the gun. I was doomed; only a miracle could save me now.

My knees were sand and my throat dry. My moist hands scraped my dirt-covered suit. I pawed the ground, hoping to escape. It seemed like an eternity. I thought back to happier days. I hadn't been drafted. Why had I enlisted my services? It was no one's fault but mine. I could blame no one but myself. There was some recognition if I pulled through okay, but if I failed it would be too bad. There was only one chance for me, and this was it. I would be on my own until the finish. I would soon know how things stood, for it would be over quickly.

Then the gun sounded, and I sprang forward, starting my first race as a trackman for Naperville High School.

GILBERT DRENDEL, Naperville H. S., '54
Laura Wolverton, teacher

WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG

Christopher Columbus and the adventurers in *Kon-Tiki* have led relatively uneventful lives compared with mine. At the age of four, I, all by myself, started on a trip to France. Perhaps you're thinking that this doesn't really rank with those other escapades, but my mode of travel was unusual. I started my voyage to France in an inner tube.

It was a hot, sunny June afternoon and the place from which I embarked was a sandy beach at Wrightville Beach, North Carolina. Since my departure had been kept a secret from the world and even such close relatives as my mother and father, there were no cheering crowds to bid me bon voyage. Only the usual number of bathers glanced at me with not even the slightest interest as I shoved my sturdy launch into the water, leaped aboard, and paddled away. I had previously checked my vessel for leaks and taken on a sufficient supply of food, six ginger snaps.

During my preparations my mother had left the letter she was writing and had joined some other women on the side porch. The view was restful; and since they faced the ocean, a cool breeze refreshed them. The other women were all somewhat older than Mother and were busy with their knitting or crocheting. Mother just leaned back and closed her eyes.

Suddenly one of the women started and then uttered a faint scream. Everyone looked up. "I knew it," she exclaimed. "There's a person out there. Look, look, Sally . . . that blob on the horizon! Why, the life guard has seen it too! He's going after it."

The women on the porch were alerted. They all leaned forward, craning their necks, peering over their spectacles to see more.

"Why, it's a child!" exclaimed one.

"Poor little dear," added another. "Probably frightened to death."

"What's he in, Deborah?"

"I'm not sure . . . why I do believe it's an, an . . . oh, one of those things in tires. What are they called?"

"An inner tube, Deborah."

"Yes, yes . . . an inner tube . . . that's what he's in!"

"It could be a girl. No way of telling from here."

"Well," stated Mother, "I surely hope his mother is satisfied. She can't even watch her own children. Definitely a case of parental negligence. Probably one of those flighty fly-by-nights who are always flitting from one party to another. No thought for her husband or children at all! The poor little dear is probably undernourished. I'd like to have some words with a woman like that.

Maybe if her baby drowns, she will wake up and realize the responsibilities of motherhood."

"We agree with you one hundred per cent, Mrs. Petersen," murmured the assembled ladies.

"Look, everyone! The life guard is bringing him ashore. Why, it's not a boy, but a girl. Precious little thing," cooed Mrs. Harkness.

I alighted from my launch and turned and thanked the nice man for bringing me ashore, for I was tired of paddling and I had run out of food.

I started up the walk, and when I saw Mother rise, looking awfully pale, I ran to meet her. I gave her a hug and began to relate my adventures. "Don't look so worried, Mommy. I was just going to France."

"France!" gasped the awed ladies on the porch. I continued my story, unmindful of those other listeners.

"I wasn't really going to leave you. Just go visiting awhile. Had to come back, though, because I ran out of food. Ate all my ginger snaps." I grinned up at her, hoping she'd give me some more.

Mother never uttered a sound. She just took me by the hand and led me across the porch and up to our rooms.

NANCY PETERSEN, Evanston Twp. H. S., '53
Edith L. Baumann, teacher

RECIPE FOR FRIENDSHIP AND POPULARITY

To begin with, you must have a gallon of cheerfulness mixed vigorously with a few cups of smiles. Add a dash of laughter, some kind words, and a few teaspoonfuls of well-kept secrets. To top it off, season with the trait of good humor. Then place in the oven of steadfastness and sincerity in order to have the finished product, popularity, with its golden crust of friendship.

STEPHENIE C. SULEK, Collinsville H. S., '54
Lucille Miller, teacher

FIRST DATE

It all started on what Katy thought was going to be a perfectly normal day. She had gotten through school with very little trouble and now she was back in her own room gazing at one of her thirty-six pictures of Tony Curtis. Her mother was downstairs trying to settle an argument between her two young sons about who looked more like Hopalong Cassidy when the front door bell rang. Leaving

her sons to fight on without a referee, Mrs. Newton hurried to the door.

Upon opening it, she was confronted by a tall, rather skinny boy who grinned feebly and lisped through two gaps where front teeth had once been, "Ith Katy here?"

To say Mrs. Newton was taken by surprise would be an understatement. Katy had never had a boy come to see her before, and, though she was only a freshman in high school, Katy was sure she was going to die an old maid. Mrs. Newton invited the boy into the living room and went to tell Katy.

"Katy," she called from the bottom of the stairs, "there's someone here to see you."

"Well, send her up," was Katy's curt reply.

"But it's not a her; it's a him!"

"What!"

"That's right, dear; there's a young man here to see you."

"Oh. Well, uh, tell him I'll be down in a minute. I want to, uh, put something on."

"All right, but don't be long."

Mrs. Newton went back to the living room where the boy was perched on the edge of a chair staring straight ahead with a pained look on his face. Mrs. Newton was about to ask him whether he felt all right, but she thought better of it and sat down. "I'm Mrs. Newton, Katy's mother," she said brightly.

At the sound of her voice, the boy jerked slightly and turned to look at her. "Oh, how do you do?" he quavered. Then he turned back and started staring straight ahead again.

"And what's your name?" she ventured.

"Tham Othborn."

"Oh."

(Long silence)

"Nice weather we're having, isn't it, Sam?"

"Yeth."

(Another long silence)

"Do you live near hear, Tham—I mean, Sam?"

Before Sam got a chance to answer, Jimmy and Donny raced in to the room and stopped in the middle, standing back to back. "Start counting," shouted Jim.

"Okay, here goes!" yelled Donny. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!"

In a flash both boys swung around and shot two large sprays of water from the pistols they were clutching, soaking not only them but also the two witnesses. Mrs. Newton jumped up and, grabbing

the boys by their ears, dragged them into the next room. A few stinging whacks were audible, and then it was quiet again.

She walked back into the living room and sat down. Sam looked even more miserable than he had before. He opened his mouth as if to say something but then seemed to change his mind.

Just when Mrs. Newton was finding conversation very difficult, Katy sauntered in. "Sauntered" is about the only way one could describe Katy's walk. It was a sort of smooth shuffle of the feet with a little rhythmic swaying of the hips added. Sam smiled brightly at her approach, but Mrs. Newton could barely keep from laughing aloud. Katy had on her sister's new blue and green plaid slacks and her red jersey blouse, both of which were a bit snug in places. She had pulled her long brown hair back into a pony's tail, in a rather obvious attempt to make her look older, and her lipstick was smeared above her lipline "to give her that mature look." She was wearing also a necklace, three bracelets, two rings, and a hair ribbon.

Sam stood up and said shyly, "Hi, Katy."

"Hello, Sam," Katy murmured.

Mrs. Newton noticed that Katy kept her poise very well in the face of this catastrophe.

"You wanta go for a walk with me, Katy?"

"Where to?"

"Oh, we can go to Thorenthen'th and get a thoda."

"Okay."

"Thwell! Leth go!"

The two of them strolled out, and Mrs. Newton breathed a sigh of relief. Poor Katy, she thought, I know she was excited about a boy coming to see her and then *that* had to show up. Oh, well, she has plenty of time yet to worry about boy friends.

Two hours later, Mrs. Newton was sitting in her favorite arm chair, sewing, when she heard the front door open. Oh dear, she thought, I'll have to be unusually nice to Katy tonight. She's probably feeling very unhappy. What a disappointment for her!

Katy walked in slowly and leaned against the door with a rapturous look on her face. "Oh, Mom," she breathed, "isn't he wonderful?"

"Wonderful! But he hasn't any teeth!"

"Oh, don't be silly! He does too have teeth. He just knocked a couple of them out playing basketball. He's on the team, you know. Oh, the girls will absolutely turn green when they hear about me. He asked me to go to a movie with him Friday night! Imagine, I actually have a real honest-to-goodness date! Isn't that marvelous?"

"Why, yes, dear, I guess so, if you're sure you like him."

"Like him! How could anyone help being mad about him?"

"I don't know dear," Mrs. Newton said, trying not to show her disappointment. Oh, well, she thought to herself, I suppose things seem different when one is young. I just hope it doesn't take Katy too long to grow up.

BEVERLY PARKER, Maine Twp. H. S., '54
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

THE OLD ROAD

When young, he was the only road across the forbidding mountains, and he basked in his own importance. His ego let him forget that he owed his being to the courageous westbound pioneers.

As youth is apt to be, so he too was a bit malicious and slyly destructive. His snags and ruts made it a dangerous journey for the heavy-laden wagon trains.

But as he aged, he began to appreciate his role as a silent observer of life's dramas. He became eager to repent, and to change his ways. But alas! it was too late. The day arrived when fewer people traveled whence he beckoned. No one listened when he called. He was a forsaken road.

The passage of lonely years has salved the hurt, and mellowed him. Now, sorrowfully accepting his forgotten existence, he waits patiently for the forest to hide him forever.

CECILE MARIE CREATH, Effingham H. S., '52
Mary Burtschi, teacher

"WE DIDN'T ANSWER"

Sunday: Dearest Diary, I told Dad my room needed painting. He didn't answer.

Monday: Dearest Diary, Dad told me to show some initiative and paint it myself. I didn't answer.

Tuesday: Dearest Diary, I told Dad I had charged ten dollars worth of paint to him. He didn't answer.

Wednesday: Dearest Diary, Dad told me I was getting more paint on me and on the floor than I was getting on the walls. I didn't answer.

Thursday: Dearest Diary, I told Dad what the cleaning bill was for his shirt and that I needed a new carpet anyway. He didn't answer.

Friday: Dearest Diary, I asked Dad what he thought of my painting job. He didn't answer.

Saturday: Dearest Diary, Mom told us the wallpaper man would be out Monday to straighten up the mess we had made. We didn't answer.

SHARON ELAINE PALMER, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily Rice, teacher

THE TERRIFYING IT

It wasn't my imagination! It couldn't be! The first time it crept behind the sofa I wasn't sure, but now it was there, not more than three feet away from me. I had been alone in the house, I believed, until I heard those strange noises. Not ordinary noises like those when water drips from a faucet or when the wind blows a partly opened door. These noises were the kind that made shivers run through my body. Through the window could be seen only darkness. Still, empty darkness. I could hear the wind blowing through the trees. The clock had just struck nine. No one would possibly be home for at least an hour. What was I to do? Could I deal with this . . . this terrifying thing alone? I would have to. Then suddenly, without realizing how I got there, I found myself standing on a nearby chair. But what girl wouldn't when a mouse ran through the room?

MARNITA FOSTER, East Rockford H. S., '54
Edna Youngquist, teacher

TELEVISION'S FAMOUS TRIO: AN INTERVIEW

Take ten hand puppets, a stage, and a personable young puppeteer named Burr Tillstrom; add a dash of seasoning in the form of Fran Allison; mix them thoroughly, and you have one of the best loved shows on television—Kukla, Fran, and Ollie.

Burr Tillstrom, the creator of this miniature extravaganza, is a genial bachelor in his early thirties. Known to millions only through momentary appearance at the end of his show, he has a modest, relaxing manner.

"Although I've made many puppets, the one I like best is Kukla," he confided, describing the members of his troupe. The result of this special affection is apparent. Kukla is the puppet whose manner most resembles Burr's.

Burr needed years of practice to become television's master puppeteer. "When our family moved into a new neighborhood, I learned from some books in a neighbor's library how to string and operate marionettes," he related.

Encouraged by his neighbor, Burr could handle puppets like a professional by the time he was graduated from Chicago's Senn High School. The year 1936 marked the beginning of the

Kuklapolitan Players with the birth of Kukla, Burr's first real creation.

"Kukla's birth and name were both accidental," he revealed. "A friend of mine asked me to make him a hand puppet. I did, and the result was Kukla. After I finished him, I liked Kukla so well I couldn't bear to give him away." Later, when a Russian ballerina saw the puppet and called it "Kukla," which is Russian for doll, the name stuck.

In 1940, the second member of his troupe, Ollie, the carefree dragon, arrived. When the RCA Victor Co. asked Burr to do a television show for them at the New York World's Fair, he created Ollie as a partner for Kukla. Madame Ooglepuss, a slightly aged actress who fancies herself a singer, was the next addition. Seven more characters followed Madame Ooglepuss, the latest one being Dolores Dragon, a baby cousin of Ollie's.

One of the last additions to the cast was not a puppet. It was Fran Allison, a quick-witted former school teacher with a ready smile and a wonderful sense of humor.

Because she treats Kukla and the other Kuklapolitan Players as people and not as puppets, Burr feels that she has almost "made" the show. "She is one of the most sincere, heartwarming persons in show business," he declared.

Burr not only creates and operates his characters, but does the voice parts for each of them as well, a range which descends from the warbling soprano of Madame Ooglepuss to the deep southern voice of Colonel Cracky.

Versatility and imagination blended with a modest, friendly manner are the ingredients of Burr Tillstrom's personality. They keep his creation, "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," at the top of many a televiewer's list of favorite programs.

CHARLES STEGMEIR, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Clarence Hach, teacher

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

By KENNETH ROBERTS

"That sounds like his voice," Ann whispered; "his voice and his footsteps, searching, hurrying, hunting! Ah, no! You can't kill what was in that man!"

No, you could never kill the dauntless spirit of Major Rogers, although many men tried to and failed, as Mr. Roberts has so vividly recalled from the past. In his great historical novel *Northwest Passage*, we relive in all its glory and misery, fame and

humiliation, love and hate, success and disappointment, the life of Major Robert Rogers—Rogers, leader of the famed group of soldiers, Rogers' Rangers, during the times of the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars; Rogers, author of two books and a play, all smash hits; Rogers, the statesman and Governor of Michilmackinac, a large portion of western United States centered around what is now Detroit; Rogers, the peacemaker of the Indians; Rogers, the explorer and dreamer, with his vision of a great Northwest Passage across North America; and Rogers the defeated, chained to the ground like a dog. Yes, as was often said, he lived ten men and lived them with more spirit and determination than a hundred men could have lived them.

Through Langdon Towne, a young artist who served under Rogers and later became one of his best friends, Mr. Roberts brings the story of a truly great man, a story so full of every kind of adventure, spirit, and emotion that the reader will feel that he is actually living the lives these people lived. I liked the story for that reason. As I read, I felt the agony of a five-hundred-mile march, of going for a month with hardly anything to eat, of becoming a living skeleton groping through the misty existence called life. I, too, shared in the Major's great hope of finding a northwest passage.

MARVIN OLSEN, Maine Twp. H. S., '52
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

AFTER READING "THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US"

I, too, like Wordsworth, would travel over Nature's land with my heart close to hers and my every sense tuned and sensitized to her everlasting beauty of sound, smell, and sight. I, too, would dwell far from the corrupting influence of materialists—existing as a "poor" man rich in appreciation of Nature's great splendor—had I my way. But I have not my choice; my conscience does not permit me.

For am I to lead my life to please me and me alone, to the utter exclusion of my fellow man? (Materialist or not, he is my fellow.) Am I to turn deaf ear and blind eye toward civilization to keep those organs attuned to nature? There seems to be no question, for an element of duty to humanity is present in every man's life; and I, for all my love of unspoiled nature, am hardly excepted.

I must place service to the world first on my list of duties and service to myself last. And although my love for nature will never

wither, it will never mature so much as I wish. It must serve to better my understanding of the world and her ways, her inhabitants and their motives, but it must never serve only to please the petty desires of my senses.

KARL MUENCH, Evanston Twp. H. S., '52
Mildred Wright, teacher

THIS ABOVE ALL

I took the stairs two at a time (quite a feat for my short legs). By the time I reached the chemistry room I was quite literally gasping for breath. As I crossed the threshold, a faint click told me my seconds were numbered. I dived, slid, and bounced into my seat in an enormously unladylike fashion just as the bell rang.

Surveying my contemporaries, I puzzled over their intense expressions. This was unusual. Why, they must be . . . Oh no! Not a test! How could anyone be so stupid? Why, I hadn't even read the chapter. As my eyes sped over the words in my book, my mind whirled in circles. "Does cuprous or cupric have a higher valence? . . . A carbonate plus an acid yields—Oh Lord, what does it yield?"

I had but a short time to contemplate the matter, for books were closed, chairs were shifted, and I found myself facing a blank piece of paper, which I feared would be equally blank when I turned it in.

I looked at the questions on the board. They didn't relate to anything I'd ever heard, but my table partner was writing with maddening enthusiasm.

After a short glance in the teacher's direction I turned my attention to my partner's side of the table. Let me see . . . "A carbonate plus an acid yields. . . ."

At the sound of approaching footsteps I quickly shifted my position. They passed and I was about to redirect my gaze when my mind began to play tricks on me.

"This above all: To thine own self be true." I shook my head. How could I think of Shakespeare at a time like this? But I couldn't forget these words, and I couldn't make myself look back at my partner's paper. "This above all. . . ."

I turned my eyes to the board and answered those questions I could.

BARBARA GUNSAULAS, Niles Twp. H. S., '52
Priscilla Baker, teacher

THE MOODS OF THE BEACH OF RIANA

Sand was there, endless, gleaming, shifting sand, and tides, rising, moving, endless, eternal tides. There was sand to sift through the fingers, and watch as it sparkled in the sun, and sand to walk upon and watch as it lay, dull white in the moon. There were tides to follow up and down, tides to watch as they came and went, and would ever come and go.

Sky was there, endless, brazen, brilliant sky, and sky at night, blue and black, and quiet; sky to live with and to grow with, sky to explore and search, and stars to watch. They came one by one, and suddenly all of them were there, and shone, as they would ever shine.

I was there, to dream, and to live in the sun and under the moon, to swim in the heat and walk in the cool, but more to dream. From the day I first came there, I forgot. I forgot what it was to speak, almost, and who other people were or why, and what things meant or were supposed to mean; and I forgot what time was.

I could only run the sand through my fingers and walk on it and know its heat, and I could only watch the tides, and not feel much of anything or think very hard. Thoughts came slowly to my mind; and I was drawn into the sand, slowly shifting, and into the tides, rising and ebbing. Humans do not master the tides nor conquer the skies; they can be nothing but very small and hardly worthwhile in the face of them. A mountain is a challenge; it can be moved, but who can touch the tides or the skies?

The mood was not always the same; one day it changed. I awoke in my room and could hear some roaring far more vast than the surf; the white curtains did not flutter, they whipped and snapped, and what sky I could see was green and gray. That morning I felt a little afraid and locked the door before I walked the few yards to the beach; a small precaution, locking the door, but it made me feel better. A bolt of lightning split the clouds, tore at their jagged edges, whirled them about more violently. No other light came through. Nature's anger is a vast thing; it gives full vent to the seas, it opens wide upon the skies, it tortures and strains the sands and beats at the waters. There was nothing ominous about the storm, nothing foreboding; it was simple fury, wild rage, a throaty, bellowing kind of insanity that gashed openings in the dark skies and tore great dips in the waves, that spun the sands about dizzily and piled them up again.

All day the storm raged and howled, and toward night it slackened. It was not a pleasant calm, nor did it last long, but it was rather beautiful, if the picture of a red battleground momen-

tarily left by the flow of the fight can be beautiful. Something like a sunset was in the sky, but all the sky seemed red and the water only grew more black. One storm petrel flew by and sheered off to the land. Then the black came, and something more than a storm was along the coast that night, some almost human cry, some kind of lonely anger I had known myself, until I came there, some fatal sound of wind and wave and rain that pushed them all away from me and left me standing on nothing, seeing nothing, realizing nothing but that here was space surrounded by space after which there was nothing walled in by a great nothing that goes on.

The next morning there was sun, and the same blue sky that had been before. Half-buried driftwood lay in the sand, fish and animals and plants floated in the backwash, and the tide was out. I lay in the sun and saw that the sand had shifted once more as it went along the great wheel of time, always shifting, slowly turning, as it would ever turn.

NANCY LIPE, West Rockford H. S., '52
Maude Weinschenk, teacher

THE MULE AND THE ANGEL'S WINGS

Not being from Pig Whistle, I don't suppose you know much about how Josh got his wings, but down at the general store where you can buy anything from a pair of Sunday shoes to a hundred-pound sack of flour, the boys tell this story everytime there is anyone to listen.

Ole Josh looked around with the surprise and wonder of a farmboy on his first trip to the big city. There was the mountains all right, the creek, the trees. But instead of bein' green and brown and black like the usual Kentucky hills, the mountains was pink, the creek was full of good corn whiskey, and the trees was all lavender with little yella doodads on 'em.

Well, sir, Josh just kept on a climbin' the path and lookin' around, and purdy soon he came to a golden gate with sort of a white pearly porch without no roof on it. As Josh came closer, some feller with a long golden horn came out of the golden gate and blew a long welcome note and invited Josh in.

There, sittin' on little white pearly stools with three golden legs, was some of the fellers from the store. Chew Terbaccy Tom was chewin' a plug an' spittin' outen between his teeth, Drinkin' Sam was pullin' on his moonshine jug, an' Fiddlin' Jeb was sawin' away on his fiddle.

After a little talk some feller with a long white beard and a long white robe, tied with a pink string, came up and said to Josh, "Howdy, Josh. Did you have a easy trip?"

"Why, yes, I reckon so, but who are you, and how come you knowed my name?"

"My name's Peter, and we all just reckoned you'd git here sometime today. Got everything you need? Can't start growin' wings, you know, 'till you got ever'thing."

Josh pulled a plug out of his pocket and said to Sam, "Reckon you'll share that jug, won't you, Sam?"

"Shore thing, Josh."

Josh looked around with a grin on his face, took a hitch to his jeans, and cut off a piece from his plug. Suddenly his face fell, and he turned to Peter.

"Say, Pete, I guess there is somethin' missin'. My mule Jake."

"But Josh, Jake ain't dead yet."

"Yup, I know, but ifin' I cain't grow wings till I got ever'thin', then I cain't git started for a long time yit."

Tom stopped chewin' his plug, Sam put down his jug, and Jeb stopped sawin' on his fiddle. They all put their heads together and started thinkin'.

"Couldn't Josh go down an' shoot the mule so's he could come up too?" asked Jeb.

"Nope," answered Peter, "Josh is an angel now, and he 'shalt not kill'. I'd say this is a matter fer the Lord. Let's go a settin'." Peter led the way, and they all picked up their stools and started for the Lord's house.

After a while they came to a house that was all made of white pearly boards and had golden shingles and a golden porch. The Lord was settin' on the porch a teachin' some chilun to play their harps.

Peter spoke up first and said, "Lord, we got a problem. This here feller just arrived and cain't grow wings 'cause he left his mule Jake behind. What we gonna do?"

"Hmm," said the Lord in a deep voice. "I reckon you do have a problem." He told all the chilun their lessons was over and to come back tomorra. Then the boys all sat down with the Lord and put their heads together again. Sam was thinkin' so hard he had to have 'nother pull on his jug, an' ever onct in a while Tom would shift his plug to the other side of his mouth. Ole Josh just sat there lookin' sadder 'n a coon dog without a tail.

Purdy soon the Lord said, "Seein's how this case is so special, maybe we can make a 'lowance. I'll send my boy down to fetch the mule."

Coupla days later the boys all sat around the gate, watchin' the new arrivals comin' in an' talkin' 'bout Jake.

"Yes, sir, that Jesus shore is a swell feller. And old Jake didn't fight 'im one bit. Just follered along like a little pup dog." This came from Josh as he reached up an' scratched his mule's neck. "The only thing is, I cain't ride 'im. Lord said, since I don't have to do no work, it ain't fair to make the mule work." He picked up the jug, took a swig, an' reached back to scratch between the place where his wings was beginnin' to grow.

SUE HOFF, Bloom Twp. H. S., Chicago Heights, '53
Sara J. Fernald, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

The editors regarded the following selections almost as highly as those which have been printed in the preceding pages:

Aurora (West H. S.): "I'll Never Forget," by Stanley Martysus, and "Feelings of a Carpet," by Nancy McCleery (Louise Lane).

Bloomington: "What the Bill of Rights Means to Me," by George Starr (Lorraine Kraft).

Chicago (Sacred Heart H. S.): "My First Painting Job," by Mary Ann Lave (Sr. M. Andrea).

Chicago Heights (Bloom Twp. H. S.): "The Majesty of God's Kingdom," by Sue Hoff (Sara J. Fernald).

Collinsville: "An Enthusiastic Baseball Fan," by Maryann Drost, and "To Be a Lady," by Jean Sheraky (Lucille Miller).

Effingham: "Discarded Friends," by Cecile M. Creath (Mary Burtschi).

Elgin: "The Story of Hands," by Lee Kirkpatrick (Betty Rupp).

Elmhurst (York Comm. H. S.): "A, B, or C," by Marjorie Wiegand (Eleanor Davis).

Evanston: "The Flag," by Jordan Overturf (Mildred Wright); "Christmas in Korea," by Ronald Woodruff, and "Chanukah," by Richard Hollobow (Helen Montgomery); "Munich," by Hans-Dieter Fischer (Mary L. Taft); "Worlds to Conquer," by Karl Muench (Clarence W. Hach).

Glen Ellyn (Glenbard Twp. H. S.): "With Malice toward None" and "Catchum Report," by Kathryn Stearns (Helen McConnell).

- Harvey (Thornton Twp. H. S.): "Wanted: One Ticket," by Barbara Work (Orpha Raglin, sponsor).
- Jacksonville: "My Younger Sister," by Joyce Watt (Emma Mae Leonhard).
- LaGrange (Lyons Twp. H. S.): "Freedom's Open Door," by Nancy Holmes (Norma Jordan).
- Naperville: "The Tale of the Christmas Tree Angel," by Pamela Huth, and "Christmas at the Front," by Duane Paluska (Laura Wolverton); "Boys, from a Girl's Point of View," by Kathryn Smith, and "Goldilocks and the Three Russian Bears," by Ned Hawbecker (Dorothy Scroggie).
- Niles Twp. H. S.; "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble," by Les Kleevay, and "Review of *Anna Christie*," by Bruno Del Corobbo (Priscilla Baker).
- Normal: "Hamlet, the True Gentleman," by Robert Shillington, "I Have Heard of Your Paintings," by Patty Orr, and "Nodding in the Study Hall," by Robert Burnett (Ruth Stroud).
- Park Ridge (Maine Twp. H. S.): "Jazzman," by Jim Glanville, "Comes the Dawn," by James Hall, "Who? Me?" by Jo Ann Kamradt, and "He Begs to Differ" and "The Melting Pot," by Diane Vreuls (Anne Lauterbach); "The Old Grist Mill," by Thomas Vodicka, "The Hall of Fame," by Barbara Gottfred, and "Case No. 1," by David Carl (Paulene M. Yates).
- Pekin: "Viewpoint," by Jim Jones, "How Doodle You Do," by Jim Herget, and "Backyard Farmer," by Bob Currie (Bernice W. Falkin).
- Peoria (Central H. S.): "Hints on Firebuilding," by Phil Mills, and "Bowling Dilemma," by Susan Schenck (Emily E. Rice).
- Rockford (East H. S.): "God's Chosen Conqueror," by Marcette Bloom, and "Philosophy for Eternity," by Carol Jepsen (Edith W. Lawson); "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," by Dorothy Swenson, "I, Too, Am America," by Valarie Guyer, and "Youth," by Colleen Kitzmiller (Adele Johnson).
- Rockford (West H. S.): "The Farm," by Bill Nethercut (Clarissa Rudelius); "Vengeance Is Mine," by Wanda Harlowe, and "Gray Horses," by Nancy Lipe (Maude Weinschenck).
- Waukegan: "Colors," by James Murphy, "Knowledge versus Wisdom," by Jeannette Saltzberg, and "Three Hours to Last a Lifetime," by Douglas Enoch (Evelyn E. Oke).

The Hazards of An Editor's Life: An Apology

Through a comedy of errors a poem entitled "Triad," by the late Adelaide Crapsey, was printed in the January issue as the work of Helena Dietz, a student of Miss Emma Mae Leonhard in Jacksonville. Here are the steps in the comedy:

1. Miss Dietz wrote a poem called "A Bum."
2. Miss Leonhard liked it sufficiently to ask Miss Dietz to type it for submission to the *Bulletin*.
3. Miss Dietz did so, but inadvertently handed in a typing exercise instead of "A Bum." The typing exercise was "Triad." It was placed in the folder of materials that Miss Leonhard planned to submit for consideration.
4. The editor, who is unable to remember everything that he has ever read and whose acquaintance with the writings of Miss Crapsey is at best superficial, liked "Triad" so much that he published it. "Nice little poem," he thought (and still thinks).
5. The day when the first alert teacher kindly said, "That's plagiarism," Miss Dietz was telling Miss Leonhard, "But that isn't mine. That's only a typing exercise. My poem was called 'A Bum.'"
6. The editor assumes full responsibility, because he permitted the poem to be printed. He hopes that through good behavior he can reduce his sentence.

The following poem is the one by Miss Dietz that Miss Leonhard intended to submit:

A BUM

This morning
While mother was getting breakfast,
A tramp came to our door.
Old, he was, and tired,
Seemingly bearing the earth's burdens
On his stooped back.
He had a small ragged sack
Across one shoulder,
Holding his meager belongings.

Oh, to sit and talk of his life,
To share the many dreams and fortunes,
To hear him tell of his hates and loves,

His philosophy of this old sphere!
His very presence suggested mystery, intrigue
Shrouded in this dilapidated form.
Mother turned to him with stony
Features and seeing him, as he was, a bum,
Lifted her hypercritical nose and said,
"We earn our food, we have nothing for you."
He turned slowly, stumbled down the walk . . .

The Literary Map of Illinois: A Progress Report

Members of the I.A.T.E. will remember that a major project for this year is the preparation of a literary map of Illinois. The committee responsible for the project consists of Ellen Burkhart, Benton; Louise Lane, Aurora; and J. N. Hook, Urbana.

With the assistance of a large number of teachers, librarians, and others, the committee has reached decisions on which authors are to be represented and has collected brief biographical and bibliographical material concerning each. Most of the art work has been completed and will soon be in the hands of the printer. As color printing is rather slow and complex, no definite date for completion has been promised by the printer, but unless there are unforeseen complications, you should have your copy of the map sometime this spring.

The March issue of the *Bulletin* will provide brief data concerning the approximately 130 authors whose names will appear on the map. (About 45 of the names on the map will be accompanied by illustrations typifying the authors' work.) The April issue will provide similar data regarding other important Illinois authors whose names for some reason are not placed on the map. These two issues, with the map, should provide useful data concerning approximately 250 of Illinois' most famous literary offspring.

All members of I.A.T.E. will receive the map and the supplementary *Bulletins*. Additional copies of the map may be purchased for \$1.50 each, and of the *Bulletins* for \$0.25 each, or map plus two *Bulletins* for \$1.75. A limited number of the *Bulletins* will be bound in cloth, with the map folded and inserted in a pocket, to be sold for \$2.50. School and public libraries may wish to purchase these bound copies for permanent reference.

Spring Meeting

The annual spring meeting of the Executive Board of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English will be held in Chicago on Saturday, March 15, in a corner of the dining room at Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company, State Street. Following this business meeting, those present will attend a luncheon of the English Club of Greater Chicago, at which there will be a program arranged by the Chicago group.

The business meeting will begin at 9:30 a.m. All members of the Association are invited. Those who plan to attend should notify Miss Hila Stone, President of the I.A.T.E., Robinson, Illinois, not later than March 5.

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